

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### WHO HIDES HIS TIME.

Who hides his time, and day by day  
Face, defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mournful melody,  
However poor his fortune be—  
He will not fail in any trial  
Of poverty—the paltry dime  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the salted tear;  
And though he fare with slowest feet  
Joy runs to meet him drawing near;  
The birds a herald of his name,  
And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The road-side bloom in his applause,  
Who hides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Sentinel.

## STORY TELLER.

### UNDER A CLOUD.

Morris Tucker and his uncle sat at their cozy breakfast table one winter morning, each with a copy of the morning's paper in his hand, each with a clouded brow and troubled eye. The elder gentleman was the first to speak.

"It is a bad business, Morris!"

"A bad business, indeed, sir!"

Then there was another long silence, while each again read the ominous news of the failure of a firm whose business was so involved with their own that the failure of one house was nearly utter ruin to the other. The hot chops cooled on the dish, the coffee was untouched, and the breakfast literally forgotten, when the gentlemen left the house to ascertain the extent of their misfortunes. Bad as they feared these would prove, the reality was even worse than the anticipation, and before night the old firm of Tucker & Co. was in the list of failures.

There was a dreary amount of hard, distasteful work to be done after the failure was an established fact; but Morris Tucker never flinched from any task or interview till night-shadows fell, and he faced his uncle at the table once more. Then, with set features and a pale face, he said:

"If you can spare me for an hour, sir, I think I had better call on Miss Cresswell."

"I can spare you, but are you sure you will hurry an interview that, I fear, will be very painful?"

"Better to understand my position at once, sir. I—" he moistened his dry lips here, as if the words choked him—"if Meta is true to me I will remain here and try to work my way up again to the position I held only yesterday. If she frees me from my engagement, I accept your proposal to go to California."

"I think it is a good time to look up those old claims," said Mr. Tucker, sliding easily over the first part of his nephew's speech; there may be money in them."

"We will see! If I do not go we may be able to find some trusty messenger."

"I am afraid you will go," his uncle said.

"It may be. Mrs. Cresswell is a worldly woman."

"Meta is a worldly woman! Nay, let me speak, Morris. I have said nothing before, though my heart was sore over your choice of a wife. Meta is wonderfully fascinating, beautiful and accomplished as but few women are, but she is thoroughly heartless. I hoped your choice would fall on Clarice."

"Clarice! She is a mere child!"

"Only two years younger than Meta. I love her very dearly, Morris."

"But you are fond of Meta!"

"No! For her father's sake, the brother of my dead wife, I have tried to love Meta, and she repels me!"

"Yet you never spoke when I told you I should seek to win her love."

"Because love is too sacred in my eyes for anyone to interfere with its expression. If Meta loves you, I will give her warm welcome and cordial affection when she becomes your wife, Morris. But nerve yourself for the worst, my boy."

Nerved for the worst, Morris Tucker sought his betrothed bride. From the time he had come from his Western home, an orphaned lad of nineteen, to accept his uncle's offer of a home he had met Meta Cresswell constantly. He had received cordial welcome from her mother, and had not suspected the schemes and subtle

influence that had led him on, step by step, from the position of friend to that of accepted suitor of the beautiful girl. While his feet were bringing him slowly to the momentous interview after the failure of the firm of which his uncle had made him full partner, Mrs. Cresswell was schooling her daughter to meet the emergency.

"Did you write to Morris, Meta?" she asked, languidly stirring her coffee.

"Not yet," was the reply. He will probably call, being an honorable gentleman, mamma."

"I hope you will be firm, Meta. Remember that you have been the injured party throughout. From the time your poor papa died I have had every reason to believe Mr. Tucker would make you and your sister the heiresses of his property. He worshipped your aunt, and he never spoke of any relatives of his own until this nephew appeared. I believe there was some quarrel between the brothers that ended in the younger one going West, while John, the elder, remained here. At all events, it is very clear now that Morris would have been heir to the business and property if this failure had not happened. You are to be congratulated that it came before the wedding, instead of after."

Meta shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes! Love in a cottage is not in my style!" And while she spoke the bell rang, and she knew her lover was waiting to test her cold, worldly heart. She samtered with easy grace into the drawing-room, while up-stairs in her own room her sister Clarice wept for the pain that was to fall upon Morris Tucker's heart.

She was a brown-eyed, golden-haired girl, whose quiet, unpretending charms had long been overshadowed by the more brilliant beauty of her sister Meta. She was timid to a fault, and was her mother's greatest affliction in her career of fashionable gaiety. With a higher intellect than Meta's, with more command of foreign tongues, with a true musician's love and knowledge of music, a sweet, clear voice, and powerful powers of expression, she was so painfully shy that society was a misery to her. Her beauty was of the delicate order that does not strike at first glance, and her affections were carefully hidden in her shrinking, gentle heart.

She had given John Tucker true love since she was a mere baby and sat upon his knee, playing with his watch chain. She had never thought of his money, and when Morris came she was only glad that her dear old uncle, as she called him, was to have a companion and friend. She had never questioned her heart about Morris Tucker, rejoicing sincerely when his engagement with Meta drew him into nearer brotherly relations with herself. She respected his worth, his devotion to his uncle; she admired his talents, his noble, frank beauty, and she grieved deeply over the sorrows so suddenly thrown into his life. Shyly as she had liked him, so she crept away to weep for him. The utter heartlessness that would throw him aside in his troubles was only comprehensible to her from knowing well how her mother and sister worshipped wealth.

She heard the door of the drawing-room open and her sister's voice say coldly:

"Good evening, Mr. Tucker. You have my best wishes for your future success."

Then a voice as cold and haughty answered:

"Thank you. I have the honor to wish you good evening."

The drawing-room door closed, and Clarice could see Morris standing under the hall lamp, silent and evidently wishing to recover somewhat from the pain of the trying interview before going into the street. He was very pale, and the brightness that had formed one of the greatest attractions of his face was all stricken from it. The sad, pallid face conquered all Clarice's shyness. With a sudden, irresistible impulse she glided down to the door and stood beside Morris. He did not hear the light footfall upon the thick carpet, nor see that he was not alone until a soft touch on his arm startled him. Looking down he saw a sweet, pleading face, soft brown eyes, misty with unshed tears, raised to his own, while Clarice said, in a low voice:

"Morris, I must tell you how sorry I feel for you and Uncle John."

"Thank you," he said, gravely, covered the little white hand upon his arm with his own; "I will tell my uncle what you say."

"Tell him," she said, earnestly, "that he has no friend who loves him more truly than I do—no one who feels more deeply any misfortune that can happen to him."

"I will carry your message. And will you wish me God-speed, too, Clarice? I shall sail for California in a few days."

The large, brown eyes dilated, while the sweet face grew white as snow. The blow was too sudden. Without word or murmur, Clarice fell forward, fainting. Morris caught her in his arms and carried her to the library. It was dark there, and no one saw the kiss he pressed upon the pale lips before he put Clarice gently upon the sofa and left her. He did not linger again in the hall. Snatching his coat and hat hurriedly from the rack, he strode into the street and walked rapidly homeward.

Five years passed swiftly, and Meta Cresswell had altered little, when, five years after her parting interview with Morris Tucker, she stood in the wide drawing-room of her mother's house, waiting to greet a number of invited guests. Time had matured her beauty and taken nothing from her great attractions. Clarice, shy as ever, and pretty as a violet, stood near her sister, while Mrs. Cresswell, magnificent in velvet and diamonds, spoke hurriedly:

"Here is strange news, Meta. Mr. Jarvis has asked permission to bring a friend, and who do you suppose it is?"

"I cannot guess," said Meta, languidly; "some musical man I suppose, as Mr. Jarvis is so devoted to Euterpe."

"No; it is Morris Tucker! Oh, Meta, I am so glad you have not positively accepted young Cooke!"

"I thought you were very anxious to be mother-in-law to his \$200,000?"

"But not since I have heard of Mr. Jarvis' news. My love, John Tucker had some land claims in California which Morris hunted up and sold for more than double young Cooke's fortune. He has come home now, and is settling his uncle's estate, being his heir in everything."

"Uncle John dead!" cried Charlie. "Yes, more than a year ago, though Morris has just returned. The bell! Some one is coming."

In the crowded drawing-room, an hour later, Morris Tucker bent gracefully over Meta's hand, and responded politely to her cordial greeting. He met all her advances with such evident pleasure in his welcome that her heart beat high with hope. Life had been a struggle for a rich husband even since she had made her debut in society, and now there was one paying her deferential attention upon whose heart she had once made a deep impression. Would he forget that cruel parting interview, and once more lay his fortune at her feet?

Mr. Cooke, a young man about half witted, possessed \$200,000, watched the brilliant beauty who had smiled so sweetly upon him all winter with jealous eyes after Morris had entered the room, but Meta forgot him in her new-born hope. All the evening Morris hovered about Meta, wondering where Clarice had hidden herself; but when the supper call thinned the rooms Meta missed her cavalier. In the conservatory Morris had seen a vision of a golden head and white, fluttering dress; and Clarice, half hidden by a flowering screen, saw him desert Meta to come beside her.

Longing to see him, in an agony of maidenly shame at the secret she had revealed when they parted, she hid there to watch him unseen. But he came swiftly across the flower-bordered path to her side, and taking her hand in his, said:

"Clarice, I have come all the way from California to win your love. Little one, with all my heart I love you. My sole hope of happiness is a hope that you will be my wife. Must I go back again desolate, or will you bid me stay?"

She looked into the earnest face, the pleading eyes, and her heart grew faint with its own happiness as she whispered:

"Stay, for I love you, Morris."

Meta saw the sister she had always despised for her timidity, and the lover she had thrown aside in his poverty, enter the drawing-room together and her heart was full of jealous anger as she read their secret in their happy faces.

She has been Mrs. Cooke for three years—the miserable wife of a jealous miser, whose sole aims in life are to save money, and keep his wife out of society. In their unhappy home there is constant quarreling, while Morris

blesses every hour the temporary poverty that led him to appreciate the heart of his little wife, and won for him a knowledge of the treasure of her love. There is a toddling boy named John, who calls Morris "papa," and in the peaceful happiness of her home life and mother love Clarice is rapidly conquering her old timidity and letting the world of society see sometimes what an accomplished, graceful lady, Morris has won for his wife.

And Morris, holding her to his heart, will often say, tenderly:

"The happiness of my life commenced, Clarice, when your tender sympathy greeted me at the time I was under a cloud."

### The Deacon's Tithe.

They had a new minister at Seabrook. Old Parson Thornleigh, who had kept the flock for forty years, had gone to his long home, and in his stead had come an honest, plain-spoken young divine, with an earnest, fearless eloquence. And now the worn door-stone of the little gray church on the hill, was once more trodden by feet which had long been strangers to it. The minister boarded, having no family, at Deacon Larabee's.

"He's a bit uncertain on some points," said the deacon, leaning on his hoe handle, and talking across the fence to his neighbor Gray, who leaned on his hoe handle to listen—"a bit uncertain. But I like him—I do, no mistake; and I believe the Lord's going to bless us through him."

"Amen!" was neighbor Gray's hearty response.

They hoed a dozen hills in silence, their hoed keeping time to the merry song of a bird in the orchard. Then Mr. Gray passed to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"This hot weather's liable to make sickness," said he, "I suppose you have heard that one of the Widow Sperry's boys is down with a fever?"

"She! now you don't say so!" exclaimed the deacon commiseratingly. "Make it hard for her, won't it?"

"Yes, particularly when she's lately lost her cow. I've been saying that we'd all ought to take hold and make it up to her. If I'd more than one cow on my place, I wouldn't stand to talk long, now I tell ye; but I lost my two best ones last spring. If I hadn't—"

It might have been unintentional, that sudden facing about, as Mr. Gray threw his glances to the hill pasture, where his neighbor's cows were quietly feeding. At all events, the deacon could scarcely help noticing the action. And he understood its purport. An uneasy flush mounted to his face, as he struck vigorously into the next hill.

"She ought to have kept her cow out of the road. My cattle never get into the mill-pond, and drown. If they should, I would not expect anybody to make 'em up to me. She'd no more call, had the widow to let her cow run, than I'd have to turn my whole drove out."

"It's a pretty hard case, nevertheless," said Mr. Gray.

And then the fragmentary conversation tossed piece-meal back and forth across the fence, as the neighbors went steadily on with their work, drifting into different channels.

There had been an interested listener to the colloquy narrated above. On the shady side of the wall, which separated Deacon Larabee's orchard and cow-field, sat back in his land, the Rev. Mr. Weston. He arose as the chat, which floated to his hearing began to be of crops and haying, and walked slowly away along the orchard path with a thoughtful smile upon his face.

That night, when the deacon took the shining milk-pails from the dresser, and proceeded to the farm-yard, the young clergyman followed him. He stood leaning against the bars, watching the yellow stars come out in the sky, and looking abroad over the deacon's possessions, shadowy now, but substantial enough by daylight.

"You are a prosperous man, deacon."

A smile of satisfaction overspread the deacon's countenance, as he stood for a moment patting the sleek neck of a favorite cow.

"Well, yes," said he, "but I've made myself. A pig and a pitchfork was all I had to begin with."

"How does your neighbor Gray get along?"

"Gray? well, truth to tell, he'll never be forehanded if he lives to the age of Methuselah. He's a hard-working man enough, but the way

'tis I can't tell you; there's never a poor creature come into our town that doesn't head direct for John Gray's. Must be instinct teaches 'em, for he gives to 'em all, deserving or not. I believe he'd take the coat off his back if 'twas needed. He's a good neighbor—a good neighbor; but he'll never get anything to speak of ahead."

"But lay up for yourself treasures in Heaven where neither moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," quoted the minister.

"Yes, yes; but if I mind me right, the good book says something, too, about providing for one's own household—eh?"

Mr. Weston smiled. "I believe there is a passage to that effect."

"And," went on the deacon, a little triumphantly, "if neighbor Gray would give a certain portion—"

"A tithe?" interpolated the minister.

"And not go beyond that," continued Deacon Larabee, "he'd be better off in one respect, and no worse off in the other, to my thinking. I don't believe in indiscriminate giving."

"Nor do I," was the quiet rejoinder. Then there was another pail with snowy foam.

"How many cows have you, deacon?"

"Ten," answered the deacon, with a pardonable pride showing itself in voice and feature; "and 'tis the finest herd in our county. They're grade Jerseys."

"Yes," returned Mr. Weston, a little absently. Then, after a slight pause:

"Deacon, I overheard the conversation between you and your neighbor Gray, this morning, relative to Mrs. Sperry and her misfortunes. Poor lady! She needs substantial sympathy. Can you afford to lend a tithe of your cows to the Lord?"

"Which means that I give one of them to the widow," uttered the deacon, with a wry face. "No, sir, I'm afraid I can't. She wanted to buy one the other day, but I told her I'd none to spare. It was all owing to carelessness that she lost her cow, and I don't believe in upholding improvidence. Get to going on that way, and we'd all be on the farm before we knew it."

Mr. Weston wore a thoughtful expression, yet a gleam of something like amusement lighted up his eyes.

"Will you sell one of your cows?" he asked.

"I—I have no need of the money now," replied the deacon, hesitatingly. The minister continued: "I heard you say this morning that you would be glad to give a good man extra wages to help you through your haying, but you were afraid it would be difficult to procure the needful assistance at any price. Will you take me, and let me pay for the cow in that way?"

A twinkle both genial and quizzical dawned in the deacon's gray eyes. For a moment he studied the young minister attentively. He was not at all what his neighbors would have designated free-handed, yet he had a just appreciation of the quality of beneficence in other people. Neither was he a hard man at heart. It was only that the prosperity which had attended his every undertaking caused him to look upon the lack of it in a neighbor's affairs as an entirely unnecessary evil—one which prudence and forethought might overcome. Now he shook his petitioner's hand heartily.

"It's a bargain," said he. "When will you take the cow off my hands?"

"To-night, if you will lend me your assistance," was the ready response.

"Better take one of those I haven't milked," said the deacon, with a smile, "and save me that trouble."

Accordingly a little while later the minister, accompanied by the deacon, led his recent acquisition down the farmhouse lane, and away along the thoroughfare of the sleepy little hamlet to the tiny cottage where dwelt Mrs. Sperry and her brood. There they fastened the animal to a convenient post, rapped softly and departed, with the peaceful consciousness which attends upon a worthy deed resting upon one of them, at least, as a mantle.

Next morning when the deacon, hoe on shoulder, was leaving his doorway for his cornfield, he encountered Mrs. Sperry. Her eyes were red, as with long watching and weeping, and her thin lips trembling with the emotion which she vainly endeavored to conceal.

She put out both hands to him. "Deacon Larabee," she said "I have

come to thank you and ask your forgiveness. Oh, I have had such hard thoughts of you!—how cruelly hard, only God knows—and my own heart. Why, I almost came to pray that some dreadful misfortune might overtake you!—and all because you would not sell me the cow you meant to give me."

"I—really—I—I," began the deacon. The situation was a most embarrassing one, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge that beside the open window of the room appropriated to his library, the minister was sitting, no doubt enjoying the conversation in the fullest measure. "Really, Mrs. Sperry—I—"

"Now don't try to deny it," laughed the widow, a little nervously. "I know the cow, Deacon Larabee, and"—she laughed again—"I am bowed with contrition to think of my unjust feelings toward you. But I shall always pray that you may prosper, hereafter, deacon; for I am sure you will have a good account of your stewardship with the Master."

The deacon mopped his scarlet face in sore perplexity. How could he confess that the gift was none of his? Yet there really seemed no other way of escape from the one-horned dilemma in which he found himself, unless—

Well, the widow's generous thanks were very pleasant to hear; and, after a momentary deliberation, the old deacon's good sense and genuine manliness came to the fore. He only wished the happy thought had been his, the charity his own spontaneous deed.

"I am glad if the gift pleases you, Mrs. Sperry," said he, shaking her proffered hand; "and now, please say no more about it. Go into the house and see the old woman. I'll warrant she has a glass of jelly for the sick boy."

To Mr. Weston, later on, he said, with a laugh, and a jocular twinkle in his eye:

"I've hired my man, and shall not need you; so we'll shake hands and call it square. I think that's what I meant to do all the while, though I wasn't really sensible of it. But, I'll tell you one thing, Brother Weston, I don't believe the next tithe will come hard."

### A Compliment to Grant.

Mrs. Sherwood writes from Rome to the Boston Traveller: "Bishop Whipple has been here and preached in the American church about the Indians. Behind him were two Catholic priests, who have been converted to Protestantism, and as he gave out the text, the sound of clashing cymbals rang thro' the church. It was a contingent of Bersigiere marching off to the war, or rather to Assab, on the Red Sea. What a mingling of associations! Bishop Whipple spoke most eloquently of King Humbert and the house of Savoy, and referred to them more than once as the royal house which had never forgotten its loyalty to the people. I had subsequently the pleasure of breakfasting with Bishop Whipple, at Mr. Story's, with Lord Houghton. It was striking to see three such celebrated men together, and Story's admiration of the fine, apostolic head of the bishop was unbounded. The venerable western bishop paid a great compliment General Grant. 'He is the only man who always kept his faith with me about the Indians, and I love him better than most men,' said the bishop of the general. Now that illness and misfortune have overtaken our great soldier president, he may be glad to hear how nobly he was praised in Rome."

### Health Hints.

Consumptive night sweat may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

A troublesome, hacking cough or bronchial irritation is often relieved by gargling the throat with salt water, or by swallowing a little salt.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

Strong cold tea is an excellent and most grateful eye-wash. Wet soft linen in it and bind over the eye, bathing freely with the tea from time to time.

Following is an excellent gargle for sore throat: Tannic acid, forty grains; glycerine, one ounce; pure, soft water, seven ounces. This to be used as a gargle frequently.

A roasted, or boiled lemon, filled while hot with sugar, and eaten still

hot, just before retiring, will induce perspiration, relieve hoarseness, and often break up an incipient cold.

One of the minor trials in railway travel arises from cinders in the eye. A simple and effective cure may be found in one or two grains of flaxseed, which can be placed in the eye without pain or injury. As they dissolve a glutinous substance is formed, which envelopes any foreign body that may be under the lid, and the whole is washed out. A dozen of these seeds should constitute a part of every traveler's outfit.

### Ladies of the Cabinet.

Mrs. Manning is so far the queen bee in the new Cabinet. She is a bride, although not a very young woman, and brought to Mr. Manning some wealth and a social position. She is tall, with a slender, graceful figure, has good features, light-brown hair and great animation and grace of manner. As a thorough society woman, and wholly equal to the demands of her position, Mrs. Manning will soon be the best known and most popular of the new coterie. Mrs. Vilas received with Mrs. Manning at the Arlington yesterday, and this quiet, graceful little woman, who made the acquaintance of society last week while the guest of Mrs. Leiter, has won great favor already. Mrs. Vilas goes back to Wisconsin in a few days, and will not bring her children on and regularly establish herself in a house until next fall. Mrs. Endicott, wife of the new War Secretary, was also at home at the Arlington, and the visitors found her to be a typical Massachusetts woman; a cool, clear headed, energetic Yankee, whose blood is the bluest of any in the commonwealth. Mrs. Endicott is tall and sparely built. Her features are clear cut and decided, and with her dark eyes she has a crown of gray hair that is wound high and laid in smooth coils on the top of her head. She had a pleasant welcome and a vigorous handshake for all yesterday, and a fund of quickly spoken small talk at command. All Massachusetts gathered in her parlors and were proud to tell one in aside how the Endicott family tree ran generations beyond that of the Adams family, including the "haughty Endicott," British Governor of the early colony, and known to the younger generation through the "Ballad of Cassandra Southwick," a favorite declamation at school exercises.—Washington Letter.

Using a Blast of Air in Generating Steam.

Pilgrimages to Ansonia, Ct., on the part of Springfield and Holyoke manufacturers using steam power have been fashionable of late, some 30 having gone down there to watch the generating of steam by the Blanchard process. The system, for which very much is claimed in the saving of fuel, is the invention of Dr. V. W. Blanchard, of Vermont, and is exemplified by the using of a single boiler connected with the running of the Ansonia wire works. This boiler, it is claimed, makes good the place of an ordinary 200 horse-power boiler and that one ton of coal produces that amount of power during the 10 working hours of the day. With an ordinary boiler a pound of coal will evaporate 10 pounds of water under very favorable circumstances, while 14 pounds is the greatest possible amount which could be so evaporated, a maximum which is never reached. But by the new process, it is asserted that 40 pounds of water are evaporated by one of coal, a result accomplished by forcing a blast of hot air into the furnace where the coal is. This blast consists of 7,000 cubic feet of air per minute, and the rapid circulation of water in pipes thro' the hot gases helps intensify the flame, which has a remarkable heat, as local manufacturers who have been seen it are ready to testify. But the Ansonia boiler is only run under a pressure of 80 pounds, because the engine is not adapted to greater power, whereas the advocates of the Blanchard process say that in order to get the best results under their system there should be a pressure of 350 pounds to the square inch and as many strokes to the minute. A new plant will soon be established in New York, when the tests will be made as perfect as possible. Should these tests meet the claims of the inventor the saving in fuel over the ordinary methods would be such that only a seventh and perhaps only a ninth of what is now used would be required.—Springfield Republican.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.



E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1622 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Acting upon the suggestion of a friend, we have concluded to devote a separate column for religious notices, letters on religious topics, and all matters relating to the spiritual welfare of the deaf. It is a universally admitted fact that the deaf and dumb do not possess the same religious advantages as those who hear. They can not enter an ordinary place of worship and receive the benefit of a religious discourse. Even the blind are better situated in this respect. Although lip-reading has been brought forward in late years to a comparatively high state of perfection, no one will assert that even the most successful lip reader can follow a sermon as it is delivered from the pulpit. The best lip-readers are on a par with the poorest educated mutes in this respect. They need the special service of signs, or the printed or written sermon, to glean the spiritual truths and profit by the spiritual guidance which is so free and easy of access to all who possess the sense of hearing. The JOURNAL has always given a prominent space to matters touching upon religion, but a special department has not hitherto been a feature of this paper. We believe that the course we have decided upon will prove of value not only to the deaf but to those friends of the deaf who go about from place to place preaching the Word of God.

deaf-mutes of Boston lately passed resolutions of sympathy for General Grant, and also suggested that the "officers of the National Convention" do the same. There is no doubt but each and every individual officer feels a genuine sympathy for the great soldier now fighting against the grim conqueror of all armies and of all men. But resolutions written by three or four officers would have no significance save as an expression of individual sympathy. In order to properly frame resolutions, a meeting of the members of the National Deaf-Mute Association is necessary. Such a meeting, for various reasons, cannot be called. While thanking over Boston friends for their undoubtedly well meant suggestion, we would call their attention to the fact that, should the officers comply with their request, they would be doing an act similar to that which the Boston Society recently condemned in the case of Mr. George A. Holmes—namely, acting as authorized representatives of an association without obtaining the consent of the members.

Mr. William R. Collingworth, of Philadelphia, is compiling a history of the deaf and dumb. It will contain accounts of the beginning and progress of Institutions in this country and in Europe, sketches of noted individuals, and will be illustrated by about one hundred engravings. We do not know when the work will be completed, but as soon as it is ready for the public, information will be given, so that all may have an opportunity to purchase a book which will be both valuable and instructive, and at the same time the only publication of its kind in existence.

The most astonishing array of typographical eccentricities that has ever passed before our vision, during a long and arduous struggle with embryo printers, comes to us in the shape of a paper having the hopeful title "The Deaf-Mute Progress." Its birthplace is Indianapolis, Ind., and it is evidently the production of an aspiring amateur. The paper states that it will come out semi-weekly, but we are convinced that no one could be so hearted enough to inflict such an outrage upon the public more than once every half century.

## ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to activities of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for, and benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends this readers will keep us supplied with items for our column. Mark items to be sent to *The Itemizer*.

W. D. Edwards, the Cleveland printer, is now working in Youngstown, O.

A correspondent writes that J. M. T. Davis is running a gambling house in Chicago.

A female alphabet card peddler has lately been pursuing her calling in Youngstown, O.

Prof. A. S. Clark, of Hartford Ct., is expected to preach to the Boston Mutes Sunday, April 26th.

Richard Henley, of Somers, Ind., was married to Miss Mollie E. Sapp, on the 19th of March. Mr. H. is an industrious young farmer.

Harry M. Powell is working in Hion, N. Y., in the Remington Type Writer Manufactory. He says that he will soon go to housekeeping.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker, of North Easton, Washington, Co., attended the festival of the Troy Mute Society on the 11th inst. Mr. Becker has been visiting her parents and friends for the past two weeks, and is to go home the middle of this week.

Preparations for the Japanese Wedding, to be given at the coming Deaf Mutes' Fair, will soon be commenced. Twelve "ladies" and three "ladies" take part. This wedding is to be the principal feature of the fair, and those we do not go will miss a glimpse of Japanese customs. It is possible that a dumb bell drill will also be given by sixteen young ladies.—*Beverly Citizen*.

A committee of Marblehead ladies are making arrangements for a sale to be held at Mungford Hall, the latter part of this month, for the benefit of the Deaf-mute Society at Beverly. It is expected that a delegation of the pupils of the school, in charge of Miss Nellie H. Sweet, one of the teachers, will be present some evening during the sale, and give an entertainment in the sign language.—*Messenger*.

A good story is told of my friend Harry Myers, the Recorder. As all know who have any knowledge of the man, Mr. Myers is blind, but his sense of touch is so keen that he can tell the denomination of any common coin by feeling it. Keen as is his sense of touch, it misled him woefully on a recent occasion. He was sitting at home when the door opened and he heard the heavy step of some one entering—evidently a man. At last the person reached the place where Mr. M. was sitting, and the latter asked "Who's there?" No answer, "What do you want?" No answer. Then Harry thought it time to act. Rising from his seat he groped about until he touched a human form; it was a man. Again he asked—"Who are you? and what do you want?" No answer, and then the blind but plucky Recorder proceeded to forcibly eject the intruder. As he feared the door with the object of his wrath, pushing the man as he knew how, he suddenly felt something thrust into his face. He put up his hand and felt it was a steel! And at this critical juncture Mrs. Myers entered and discovered that her husband was wrestling with a deaf-mute. The fellow had entered, seeking alms, and not being able to detect Harry's blindness, had held the state up to him; Harry, unable from blindness to know the kind of man he had to deal with, naturally became exasperated, and the poor dummy was unable to explain the situation. A more ludicrous situation is hard to imagine, and the blind soldier declares, in telling the story, that of all his singular experiences since he had the misfortune to lose his sight, this was the most singular.—*Ex*.

## THE GUILD.

The "Guild of Silent Workers" will meet in the Sunday School of St. Ann's Church, on the 28th of this month.

CHARLES BRYAN, Secretary.

## A Mute's Misfortune.

Dow, Chrisloim, a mute, living in Thompson street, was attacked and robbed of his purse in Mulberry street yesterday morning. Three young men were arrested on suspicion and brought to the Tomb, where they were identified by the mute. They gave their names as Patrick Curtis and William and George Daggett. They were held for examination.—*N. Y. Herald*, April 15.

## Postmaster Sheldon's Deafness.

WELLVILLE, N. Y., April 6.—Postmaster J. N. Sheldon, of Belco, was taken deaf in April, 1874. On April 2, 1884, as he was sitting in his office, suddenly the song of a canary reaching the ear, suddenly the people in the room broke on his ear. His hearing had returned. On Thursday, April 24, while Mr. Sheldon was talking to a friend, his hearing suddenly left him again, and he is now as deaf as ever.

## Sunday Morning's Fire.

Fire was discovered in the brick residence of Prof. S. T. Greene, Pope Street, West Belleville, about 12:30 A.M. on Sunday. An alarm was sounded at No. 2 fire station, but no direction given as to the location of the fire. Consequently the brigade were not on the ground so promptly as they might have been. One engine was stationed at the Octavia Street tank and pumped to the other placed midway between the tank and the fire, but their efforts could not save the building, which was completely destroyed. The brigade, however, afforded protection to the frame house of Wm. Kenny, which was threatened by its close proximity to the consumed house. The dwelling burned was owned by Mr. Hiram Young and was insured in the Queen for \$1,300, which will cover the loss. Prof. Greene lost the greater part of his furniture by the fire. What was saved was badly damaged by removal. He had no insurance. Cause unknown.—*Belleville, Ont., Intelligence*, April 13.

## RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1885.

The deaf mute who was about town some weeks ago selling tack hammers, etc., is the man who was killed by a train near Tama City a week ago. The *Tama Herald* says: "Last Saturday afternoon about 1 o'clock, James T. Gragg, a deaf and dumb peddler from Valley Falls, Kansas, while walking on C. & N. W. railroad track, two miles and a half west of town, was struck by the engine of a wild cat train, westward bound, and instantly killed. Gragg arrived in Tama Saturday, and carried in his peddler's bundle a quantity of books, tack hammers and other goods."—*Deaf-Mute Hauler*.

## VICTIM NO. 9.

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Mr. J. M. Koehler has the sympathy of his many friends in the loss of his little son.

Imperator would like very much to hear of the whereabouts of his intimate friend, Edward Wilson.

The father of James Mitchell, of Brockville, Ont., died in England on the 28th of February, aged 72 years.

W. D. Edwards denies that he deserted his family, and says that the *Cleveland Leader's* article was erroneous.

William Burge, formerly of Scranton, has a good position with James William, the mute boss shoemaker in Wilkes Barre.

Miss Hattie E. Post, of Plymouth, will go to Sweet Valley, Pa., where she will live with her father on a farm, next May.

Frank Widaman hopes, if the fates permit, to be in Pittsburgh some time in May, to greet his friends with a royal visit.

Prof. Jacob Koehler, of Scranton, has been visiting J. P. Detweiler, while in Plymouth, on his way to Harrisburg, where he conducted services for deaf-mutes last week.

The brother (Morris) of Carrie Biehoff will be married to Miss Carrie Epton, of Savannah, Ga., on 28th of May. They are Hebrews. Carrie Biehoff will visit her friends Mr. and Mrs. John Houdyshell, of Indianapolis, next June.

The brother of Mrs. Mary A. Tainter, of Georgetown, N. Y., came to Utica from Florida about eight months ago, but will shortly return to Fort Meade, Fla. Mrs. Tainter is afraid he will get killed by the reptiles in that tropical region.

Robert Ward, of Irwin, Pa., like an Arab, folded his tent and skidded silently, without the knowledge of his friends, although at latest account he is in Boston, Pa., and is not dead, lively and kicking as ever. He is again at his old post, after having for a period of nine months been tired of loafing, on account of the depression of business.

## Notes from the Quaker City.

The Easter holidays have come and gone with nothing very remarkable to mark them, except an unusual number of visitors and a larger quantity than common of boxes from home. The annual distribution of colored eggs on Sunday was a great event in the eyes of the little ones at least, and a half holiday on Monday made the older ones happy too.

Mr. Allabough's farewell oration before the members of the C. L. S. of this Institution, was one of unusual interest. His subject was well chosen and he did it full justice. We were not at all surprised that one, who is himself so chivalrous, should have put such stress upon the necessity of chivalry.

Mr. Cronter, our Principal has just started on a two weeks' trip to some of the Western Institutions among which the Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Hartford are included. During his absence, Prof. H. S. Hitchcock aways the sceptre and "lays down the law, not with a rod, but with a whip, and with neatness all dispatch.

Miss L. E. Gardiner, our charming young supervisor, attended a silver wedding anniversary last Tuesday, to which three hundred invitations had been issued. Her gift to the lucky couple was a solid silver soup ladle of elegant design and exquisite workmanship.

Several of our pupils have been quite seriously ill this month, but thanks to the care and skill of our newly appointed nurses and physician none of the cases have proved fatal.

We are waiting anxiously to see if either of the proprietors of the two "Greatest Shows on Earth" will invite us to witness their performance this year. Forepaugh's invitation looks rather doubtful; still, while there's a life there's hope.

We had a nice little addition made to the library. Prof. Kirkhuff has started, for the benefit of his class, by the gift of three new volumes last week. They were the offering of Prof. B. D. Pettengill, a former teacher of this Institution and a firm friend of the deaf and dumb.

The base ball season has begun, and broken window panes are all the rage. If you think the last word misapplied, just apply to "the powers that be," and see for yourself.

Miss S. E. Briggs, our Marton, has been confined to her suite of rooms the past week, owing to a heavy cold, which has settled in her face and eyes. We hope soon to see her in her accustomed place.

An elegant piano has been placed in the Teachers' Parlor, for the amusement of those who can play and for the entertainment of those who love its sweet tones. The barrel-organ's nose has been put out of joint, and one that passed the Institution a few days ago, was hailed with intense scorn.

Mrs. Thos. J. Breen paid us his first visit since she changed her name, and as far as we can learn, looks at life through rose colored glasses now.

President Reider has selected Messrs. R. Ziegler, H. L. DeLong and Miss G. M. Donnelly to act as a Committee and prepare a programme for the Entertainment to be given by the C. L. S. on the first Wednesday of June. Under Pres. Reider's care and assistance, this Society has made creditable progress and the members are anxious to show those who have supported us with books, etc., that it has not been in vain, and that this meeting of the two sexes has been beneficial to both in many ways. Among our recent visitors was Rev. Job Turner, whose genial, pleasant face is always welcome. Mr. Benjamin Hollowell, a former officer of the Institution, and a handsome young cadet whose name we have forgotten, but whose memory lingers still.

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## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## A Talk about the Weather.

## HURRYGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

"A talk about the weather" was the topic of an interesting lecture by Professor Chickering, on Friday evening. The object of the "talk" was to point out to what extent the weather could be foretold. Weather prophets, according to the Professor, are old as the creation. Instances of weather forecasts are found in the Bible, and Virgil speaks of many signs known and relied on by the farmers, fishermen and shepherds of his day. Ever since there have been men with local reputations for skill in interpreting the weather signs; but, within a few years, the Smithsonian Institution and Signal Service Bureau have gone into the business on a large scale, and the latter now sends out its maps and indications two or three times a day. Numerous attempts have been made in the direction of longer forecasts, by observing the habits of the lower animals, but all such have woefully failed. Later there have arisen men like Venner, who have made themselves conspicuous by weather predictions for weeks, months, or even a twelve-month ahead. Remembering that any general prediction of draught or rain, heat or cold, has one chance in two of coming true, in our climate, and that no prediction is of any great value as a guide unless the chances in its favor are, at least, three out of four, the Prof. said he had no hesitation in asserting that a man should pay no more attention to prognostications as to what the weather will be, a week or more ahead, than he does to the advertisements of Lyda Pinkham's medicines, and that, although there can be no objection to a man guessing, for his own amusement, what the weather will be next week, next month, or next year, when he undertakes to label them "predictions" for the guidance of himself or other people, he is in the language of Shakespeare, "writes himself down an ass." From one to three days is the longest time ahead that the weather can be foretold with any degree of accuracy. The lecturer then controverted a number of the fallacious signs on which it has been attempted to found predictions, and explained the operation of the Signal Service and the principles on which it issues its indications. Regarding the study of the weather, he said in his peroration: "We can learn to see God's wisdom, power, and goodness in rain and sunshine, cloud and stormy wind, fulfilling his will, and on enquiring how he works, we may find much enjoyment, much of mental quickening, and be led through nature up to nature's God, like the astronomer bound for heaven, who took the stars in his way."

Mr. Hiram Brown kindly showed us his small steam fire-engine. It could throw water twenty feet high. He announced that he made it himself in one year, and finished it in 1868. We admired it. It was a beautiful model. Mr. Brown is a machinist and engineer in a foundry.

The guests began to depart for home at ten or half past ten at night.

Mr. Chas. A. Smith is a sick man. The writer was sorry to see him much changed in appearance. Dear Charles, you have your friends' sympathy, and their prayer for your fast recovery.

The writer was much pleased with his visit to Mr. and Mrs. Burt on Sunday last. There were Mrs. Atkins and Miss Ives, at the time of the writer's arrival in company of Zimmerman and Cheevers.

The Burt family lives in a comfortable house in Hoboken, half a mile southwest of Troy. Mr. Burt works in a wire shop there. They have two boys, 8 and 5 years of age respectively. The elder boy is fond of books, and is an obedient son, said his father.

There were five ladies, and three gentlemen and myself at the Bible Class on Sunday P.M.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, lectured in Troy on Saturday, and preached in Albany Sunday, the 19th.

Mr. Palmer, of Albany, was one of the gentleman much admired at the festival.

Miss Gould, of Troy, was a graceful dancer.

Mrs. Collins, late of the New York Institution, has two nice children who can speak and hear. Her maiden name was Murphy. Her husband is a successful carpenter, well-known in Troy to be an honest, steady worker.

There are four deaf mutes working at Hoosic Falls. Their names are McKee, Millman, Witbeck, and another man unknown to the writer. McKee is the oldest deaf mute worker in a factory there. He is well-known as a first-class dyer.

Mr. Carmichael is working in a woolen factory at Cohoes. He was once a resident of Stuyvesant Falls.

Mr. Nicholas Zimmerman is the inventor of the portable fire tower which rises or lowers to the height of forty to forty-five feet, from which the hose will send out over one hundred feet of water. He was formerly of Chicago.

Miss Gould, of Troy, will be absent in New Jersey for two months, on a visit.

Mrs. Atkins, who is a guest of Mrs. Burt, will return to Crown Point, N. Y., next week.

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## RHODE ISLAND.

### A Mock Trial.

#### NUMEROUS NOTES.

Any fear which might have been in the minds of several mutes, not to lose sight of the little trouble, brewing out among the few, that the meeting would be a dismal failure, was cleared away last Saturday evening. There was a fair attendance, including a good sprinkling of hearing ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to take a lively interest in it. Chairman Kinsman called the meeting to order at eight o'clock, and the first thing, he announced was that J. T. Tillinghast's aged mother died last Friday, or else he would have been present at the meeting, as he had anticipated. It may be stated here that Mr. Tillinghast is a warm friend our society, and we need not tell how much he has done for it. Modesty is one of his virtues. A debate on the question, "Was the French invasion to China justified?" intended for the evening, was put aside for some other time, but on Mr. Pach's suggestion, "A Mock Trial," took place. It proved to be very entertaining, and was a pleasant variation from the usual lectures, or rather story-telling. Though impromptu, the imaginary trial abounded in capital points, and was full of fun. Following is the list of those who participated:

*Judge,* Counsel for defense, *plaintiff,* *Policeman,* *Horse thief,* *J. Dolan,* *C. H. Steere,* *C. Campbell,* *Miss Nicholas,* *Campbell,* *Steere,* *Dolan,* *Miss Sprague,* *Miss Nicholas,* *Miss Donovan,* *Witnesses,* *The Jury.*

Counsel for the defense consumed about thirty minutes, claiming that his client was in a Boston theatre at the time a horse was stolen from a barn in Providence. He made a telling address to the jury, and it looked as though there could be no dispute. Then counsel for plaintiff called his witness, Mr. Steere to testify. As he was going to say, when counsel for defendant arose and said: "Your honor, I demand that he be sworn in before proceeding." All the mutes laughed at this pertinent remark, and A. Pach, Esq., was all smiles. Counsel for plaintiff made a point which had great weight with the court. After the examination of the witnesses, the three jurymen retired, the three ladies declining to perform the sad duty, and Foreman Dolan brought in a verdict of guilty. The stern judge sentenced the culprit to twenty years' imprisonment. Then Miss Lily Sprague, a very charming lady, mounted the platform and spelt on her dainty fingers an amusing incident about a gentleman being measured for a suit of election ball clothes. An enjoyable time was passed, and the hall was once more in darkness, after three hours' solid fun.

Rev. Mr. Packard being unable to come, Mrs. Whipple M. Follett preached to a small gathering, last Sunday afternoon at 2:30, the light rain preventing others from attending. The same few kept away. Misses Nicholas and Donovan were the only ladies coming from outside of Providence, besides the writer and Mr. Pach. The lady-preacher took a text from St. Paul, showing that delay is dangerous. Many people believe in death-bed repentance, but it would be much better for them to be fully prepared, when in the enjoyment of good health. She instanced many timely illustrations. One of them we will give. Her cousin had been very sick, and she would never utter a syllable during her illness. She always wrote, as if she were deaf and dumb. On the fatal day, she wrote to her doctor, "Do you think I am better." He took the slate and wrote his answer on it, and handing it to her, saw that her eyes were closed. A little further examination, he found she was dead! Mrs. F. then said that she was very tired, and begged to be excused. It is true that she did not preach in her usual manner, and it was apparent to all that she was weak.

#### OLIA PODRIDA.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of New York City, will preach in Providence, May 3d.

Dame rumor says that Mr. Cole and Miss Briggs will be united in wedlock next fall. Many happy congratulations.

Charles Campbell expects to be laid off in the latter part of May. If so, he may go to Maine for fishing and hunting.

Mrs. William A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., has gone to New York City to visit her relatives. She expects to be gone till July 1st.

Miss Cora Marks is raking in shekels as housemaid for Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman, who has not fully recovered yet. Cora is a skilful cook.

We notice by the Woonsocket High School Record that the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, of Danville, Ky., was one of the exchanges received by the school.

Under James Dolan's guidance the fire department building was inspected by several mutes, including the writer, last Saturday night. It is well worthy of a visit.

Patrick Sullivan is the dude of

Providence. He can be seen smoking a fragrant cigar and sporting a killing cane on pleasant days. He is a painter by occupation.

The jewelry firm, of Hayward & Briggs, in Attleboro, has been dissolved, the latter withdrawing to go to Europe. Briggs is grandfather of Mr. W. A. Jackson, who is still retained.

Miss Lizzie McDonough, of Pawtucket, is seldom seen at the Society's meetings. She is a pleasant looking lady, and talks fairly. We wish she could attend oftener, at least Saturday evenings.

John F. Donnelly, a deaf-mute compositor employed in the Reporter office, received this morning, through the mails, two handsome diamond rings, valued at about \$100, and as he did not order the articles, he wonders why they were forwarded.—Woonsocket Reporter, of April 18.

It is whispered that Miss Mollie McKay will shortly leave Detroit, Michigan, for Rhode Island. She has evidently found there is much truth in the saying:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Julius Lang was greeted by Messrs. Dolan, Campbell, J. H. Donnelly and the writer, at the Providence depot last Saturday evening, on his way to New York. He informed us that his object in going was to make a certain mute eat his own words, which are deemed insulting.

A. L. Pach, Esq., held a little reception in Hotel Perin, Providence, last Sunday morning. He entertained the mute guests with one of his excellent cigars and cigarettes, which were in abundance. He is taking the same headquarters Mr. Tillinghast took last August during the convention.

The residence, of Charles W. Mowry was entered by sneak thieves Thursday night, and a silver watch and chain, eighty cents in money and a quantity of jewelry stolen. The fact of the burglary was published in local papers. We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Mowry, *nee* Down.

A business meeting of the Providence Society will be called on May 30th. It is understood that Mr. Lester will send in his resignation as treasurer of the society. As no more faithful watch dog of the treasury can be found, it is earnestly hoped that his resignation will not be accepted. He is one of the best fellows in Rhode Island, no one will deny, and he is needed to strengthen the condition of the society.

Recently a young man, aged about eighteen, applied for a lodging at the police station in Woonsocket. The JOURNAL scribe was called by the chief of police to ascertain if the lodger was really deaf and dumb, as he claimed, and found he could neither use signs nor the alphabet. It was believed that the young man was playing the trick to excite sympathy, as he looked intelligent. He produced a letter containing his name, "John P. Magrett," alphabet cards, and also a pamphlet about Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. Where he comes from we do not know.

Alex. Lester Pach left Providence for Hanover, N. H., last Thursday. He will return to Providence next month for only a few days. Then it will be the last seen of him on Rhode Island soil for a long while. Since his coming to Providence, he has made an excellent impression upon the mutes in general by his uniform courtesy and generosity. It is unfortunate that he was the innocent victim of a little scandal, but we can assure him he has made more friends by it. Friend Pach, we are indeed sorry that you should "seek green pastures," but hope you will not forget old days. Success to you.

Woonsocket Boy's short call on Mr. and Mrs. Levi A. Lester last Sunday morning was all the more enjoyable by the revelation of Mrs. Lester's heroism. She had a bandaged hand, which speaks for itself. A couple of weeks ago their little daughter Maud's dress caught fire in the kitchen, and she went out doors entirely unconscious of it. Mrs. Lester saw it, ran to her and tried to quench the fire. In this effort her hand was burnt, but not badly. Her other friends ran to her rescue, however. The dress was shown to the writer by Maud herself, who said she intended to keep it for a relic. Nearly the whole of the back of the dress was burned out.

After the conclusion of the service by Mrs. Follett, Hypo and Woonsocket Boy accompanied Misses Donovan and Nicholas to Pawtucket, about four miles from Providence. A very enjoyable time was passed at the former lady's house, where there were several young ladies who had come to hear Hypo speak. He "was smart," and Lizzie "was smitten." By request, Hypo spoke on "Curfew," and his fine elocution was much admired. He responded to an encore by speaking on "The Lady of Lyons," and "Buck." Then we called at the house of Miss Nicholas' mother. Several readers may remember her, and she has not forgotten what a pleasant time she had in talking with them at Rocky Point last August.

Woonsocket Box, April 18, 1885.

#### Resolutions.

At Alpha Hall, 18 Essex St., April 15, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted, viz:

Resolved, That we, the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, do hereby tender our sympathy and condolences to Mr. John T. Tillinghast, for the loss of his beloved mother, caused by her removal from his midst by our Heavenly Father, and that we ask for him comfort and peace from Him.

Resolved, That a copy of each be transmitted to the National Deaf-Mute Leader and the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

GEORGE C. SAWYER, WM. RANDOLPH, GEO. A. HOLMES, Committee.

## NEW YORK.

### THE GUILD.

#### Various Items.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The Guild of Silent Workers gave their apron and necktie party to a large gathering on Tuesday evening, April 14th. On entering the door, Mr. W. G. Pownall was found seated at the cash desk and each one was handed a refreshment ticket as he or she passed in. Hats and cloaks were checked at a very low figure.

It was nearly nine o'clock before the persons managing the affair seemed to be aware how time was passing. At that time Mr. Barnes entered the room with a big box containing envelopes. He briefly and blandly explained that each and every envelope contained a necktie resembling an apron worn by some of the ladies present, and gave out the more encouraging information that there were positively no blanks. There was a scramble by the dudes for the first pick, and in many cases they wished they had not been so hasty, as when the fattest but jolliest man in the room took out the last envelope and opened it, it was found he had secured the belle of the evening, and she did not seem to regret her luck, as he kept the dude at a safe distance.

When all were seated with their partners, Miss Brinck and her necktie passed around the ice-cream, which, strange to say, was not ladled out in microscopic quantities, as the liberality of the ladies at the freezers is proverbial. Two spoons to one plate was out of question owing to the publicity of the place, but those who wished for a secluded nook, or even hinted of it, were unmercifully chaffed.

One group, finding the empty saucers and spoons an encumbrance, and spying a convenient place for holding them by the side of a slim and a bashful (as they thought) youth, piled them up. Their example was followed by others, till it resembled a Chinese pagoda. It continued to grow, as saucer after saucer was put on, while the victim calmly continued to chat with his apron, and eat ice cream.

At last they became aware something unusual was occurring in his immediate vicinity, and turning he nearly ran his nose into the topmost saucer. He was apparently nonplussed for the moment, but recovered himself instantly. Calmly piling his and his apron's now empty saucers on the others, he shouldered the whole and marched off with it, reappearing in a minute or so, with a knowing wink, carrying two additional plates of ice cream. He had not turned a hair, and seemed to enjoy the joke as well as any one as he came out on top.

One other necktie astonished his partner by steadily going to and forth between the freezers, and where she sat. He marched and marched till he had covered the whole bench with saucers, and then after pulling his mustache and wiping the sweat off his face he seemed astonished at what he had done, but equal to the emergency he sat down and proceeded to eat his share. He kept a watchful eye on every one, and as soon as any one's saucer was exhausted he hastened over with another.

The neckties seemed to be tied every where but in their proper place. Only those resembling a horse collar or a streamer were tied around the neck. The majority found places on the arms of their wearers. And not a few were tied around the head.

Every one passed a most enjoyable time. And it would be strange if such was not the case with so many pretty girls on hand. The event broke up about eleven o'clock.

The ladies to whom the success of the affair is mainly due are Mrs. Roberts, Miss Brinck, Miss Pelver, Miss Noble, Miss Shute, Miss Reed, ably assisted by the affable "Beau" Barnes and gushing I. N. Soper.

There were delegates present from the Gallaudet Club, The Catholic Literary Benevolent Union, the Brooklyn Society, the Manhattan Literary Association and the German Club.

Granada Hall, Brooklyn, is situated three doors below Bridge Street, on Myrtle Ave. This location is about five blocks from the City Hall and convenient to all the principal horse car lines, the Bridge and ferries. It is about fifteen minutes' walk from the Bridge and is therefore in a good location, as distances are now judged by the time to reach them from the Bridge.

Last Wednesday evening, April 15th, the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes held their first meeting in their new quarters in this hall. The room is a very handsome one, containing arm-chairs and being well heated and nicely carpeted. About seven members responded to the call, and several non-members were in attendance, including Mrs. Barnard, of Boston, and Mrs. Lockwood.

Business, of which there was very little, was quickly done away with, and story-telling was then in order. Messrs. Dezenf, McConville, Jjams, Swartz, O'Neil and Jubring, took turns in passing the time, and the first meeting in Granada Hall came to an end at near 10 p.m.

Mr. Alexander Dezenf, of Brooklyn, is a frequent visitor to the Brooklyn Roller Skating Rink on Bedford Avenue. He has become an expert on the rollers. Miss Margaret Highfield is a frequenter of the same rink.

## ST. LOUIS.

### Baseball Notes.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SPARKS.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

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Frederick William (the Great) Stock-sick and Willie Stafford's "heavy-weight" brother, tried their angling skill on the finny inhabitants of Fish Lake last Monday, and returned home laden with all the fish they could conveniently carry. William says he hooked thirty-two croppie and bass, but we take this story with a good deal of salt not having seen the fish himself, and knowing that fishermen's statements are always open to suspicion. However, William lays claim to the championship of the city now and several of the mutes are just itching to go him one better, though it will be a good while ere any of them succeed, as such luck is rare.

Ashbel Merrell made a sweet looking "lone fisherman" as he sat watching his cork at Fish Lake last Saturday. Ashbel went out there with the avowed intention of beating all previous fishing records, but had to tramp back home with just ten fish on his string.

Captain A. H. Kohlmetz and William Campbell are reported to have made another hunting trip over the river early last week. As we have seen neither of the "mighty Nimrods" since, we are beginning to fear they accidentally filled each other full of duck shot.

A number of the mutes took in the illustrated lecture on Italy last Friday evening, which was given by the Young Men's Christian Association, at their hall. The mutes enjoyed themselves greatly, though they were unable to hear the lecturer's description of the various views shown.

Leo, Froning's youngest sister and one of his numerous brothers left for Wisconsin last Sunday, on a prolonged visit, and will not return till next fall. Leo's house won't be so attractive after this to a couple of nice young gents, who used to drop in there frequently, ostensibly to see that young man, but really to interview his sister.

Thomas Brown claims to be the heaviest mute for miles and miles around here, and threatens to smash any one who dares to deny him; as Thomas now tips the beam at 237 pounds, nobody cares to contradict him.

D. A. Simpson says he is willing to wager all his wealth that Johnny Campbell can't hold a candle to him at grace or speed in roller skating, but John has nothing to say.

Miss Sallie Fisher has been suffering intensely for several weeks, from a felon on her finger, and one day, last week, had a piece of bone taken from it without a murmur. Since then Miss Fisher is rapidly recovering. The thanks therefor are principally due to her interesting young man. When, oh! when is it going to come off?

The American Association and League teams of this city have played a series of games for the championship of this city during the past week. The League, or Lucas team, as it is best known, is composed of third rate players principally, Mr. Lucas refusing to try to get a first class nine, if his old blacklisted players were not restored to their former standing.

Well, in the three games played so far, the Browns have won two by scores: 7 to 0 and 8 to 0, and the Lucas "scrubs" one by 6 to 4; but it should be observed that Dunlap, Shaffer, Sweeney and Co., were debarred from the playing\* on the Lucas teams in these games; had they been there, the Browns would never succeed in making a run.

The American Association championship season opens to-day with the Pittsburgs (the old Columbus team) playing the Browns. We have no doubt our nine will chew them up, as it is greatly improved over last season. All the pitchers and catchers are daisies, and that was our only weak spot last season.

Why don't "Mr. Spy" give an anxious public some more "pointers" about the mighty Athletics? We suppose the joys of his honeymoon have not worn off yet, and he can't spare five minutes away from his better half.

We were informed this afternoon by a good authority on base ball that all the old union players will be re-instated at the league meeting in New York to-day, without a doubt. If that is so, it will be queer if St. Louis does not float two championship flags at the close of the season.

The city is at present excited over a murder at the Southern Hotel. The dead body of a young Englishman was discovered packed up in a trunk over a week after his murderer disappeared; everything has been done to catch the villain, who is now in a steamship on route for New Zealand, though, when he lands, he will be rather

The Medical Times says that the solution of cocaine is being used by New York dentists to render the filling of teeth a painless operation.

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## CHICAGO.

### Surprise Parties.

#### SPLINTERS.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

Weeks seem to have passed since the readers of the JOURNAL last heard of Chicago, and I, your humble correspondent, hasten, partly by remorse for having neglected the JOURNAL so long, to gather all the news about this city.

On the 14th of February, the Pas-a-Pas Club held its usual meeting at Farewell Hall, and for the first time it indulged in a debate in which all the persons at it took a lively interest. The question at issue was: "Ought the deaf-mutes marry hearing persons?" The parties on the affirmative side were Messrs. Mullen and Watson, and on the negative side, Messrs. Codman and Angie. Owing to the non-appearance of Mr. Watson, Mr. Colby took his place. The debate was ably conducted on both sides, and for an hour the wit of the Pas-a-Pas Club was sparkling to the great amusement of the audience. The judges declared in favor of the negative side.

The lenten season was observed with all due respect by the deaf-mutes, notwithstanding the fact that Chicago is supposed to be the wickedest city in the world.

Two brilliant surprise parties were given on the 28th of March and 4th of April. The first one was given to Miss Hattie Lefi, to commemorate her birthday. All of the young and best people of the deaf-mute community were there, and a more jolly crowd could not be imagined. The slight yet perfect figure of Miss Lefi was admirably set off by a pink velvet costume.

The other party was given to Mr. Ed. Kingon, was engineered by Miss Jennie Patten, and was a very agreeable one.

Many persons of prominence were present at the house of Mrs. Raffington where it took place. For want of space, I will refrain from the readers of the JOURNAL with a long list of the names of the guests.

Another surprise party, is to be given to a certain young gentleman and from the secret preparations the boys are making, it is evident that it will eclipse any other of its kind.

Invitations have been issued to attend the wedding of Miss Korette and Mr. Goslin, of Joliet, which is to take place on the 22nd of this month, at the M. E. Church, on Michigan Avenue.

Mr. Patrick Flynn, of Ireland, has been in town about a week in quest of a job.

Will "Gaston" please enlighten us about the probable number of students from Kendall Green, who will be willing to attend if the Pas-a-Pas Club is to give them a reception in June? The date of the reception will most likely be on the Saturday after the college closes for vacation. We always have a fuller attendance of members from Pullman and other suburbs, Saturday evenings.

"St. Matthew" has approached Mr. Dougherty, on the subject of analyzing the college hash, which "Gaston" has proposed. He requests to be excused from such a tough job. "Gaston" had better apply to the average boarding-house keeper, which is as good an oracle as any body expect the Kendall Green cook. The college hash is a result of the cook's syntheses—one of those few syntheses which defeat all the skill of analysis. Mr. D. ventures to say a good word for that much abused, but immortal thing. The college hash has proved pre-eminently useful in preparing a host of Kendall alumni to undergo the starvation process of the boarding madam with comparative ease, when out on the cold world. Students, now get yourselves prepared for the mysterious hash, ancient bread, alleged butter or everlasting bread pudding to be served by your future boarding boss. "St. Matthew" has studied for eight years at the Ohio Institution, and has found out the hash to be made of the same quality as the college hash.

Mr. Dougherty left here for Aurora, Ill., last Saturday night, to take leave of some friends who were going to move to Colorado.

The general aspect of business in this city is good. Nearly all of the deaf-mutes are kept busy.

SAINT MATTHEW.

#### The Empire State Association.

NORTHERN N. Y. INST. FOR DEAF-MUTES, MALONE, N. Y., April 14, 1885.

To the Officers of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes:

GENTLEMEN: Owing to unusual press of business incident to the care and management of a new Institution for Deaf-Mutes, I hereby tender my resignation as President of the Association at this early period, in order to give you ample time to make arrangements for the next convention.

Wishing the Association continued prosperity, I am

Very truly yours,

H. C. RIDER.



